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erected one of my fingers, to show him, that there existed only one God. He erected two fingers, to prove that there were two natures in God, viz. the divine and human nature. I afterwards erected three fingers to inform him, that there were three persons in God. He judiciously contracted his fingers in a close union, to show that these three persons were all united in the same God-head, and also that they were equal in all things.

After this exposition of the French hero, it was thought prudent to have the bakers opinion on this important question. He declared, *by his soul*, that he never was so angry in his life, as to see the *little fop* strutting about with so many *corcomical* airs. When I perceived the *little fellow* commence to eat his apple, to show the nice delicacies the inhabitants of France enjoyed, I began to eat a piece of good

bread, to *let him know*, that we lived on the *substantial* produce of the wheat. You must observe, gentlemen, that at present, I am deprived of the sight of my left eye. This *corcomb* wishing to insult me, held up one of his fingers to tell me that I was a *blinkard*; I held up two of mine, to inform him, that I was born with two eyes, like the rest of mankind. He unwilling to desist from his sport, held up three fingers, to show that my one eye and his two made only three; I closed my fist to inform him, *that if he did not take to his scrapers* as soon as possible, I should give him *a damned good dressing*.

This explanation of the baker excited a great deal of laughter, and the crest-fallen hero returned to his native country, verifying the title of my Anecdote; *French literature defeated by Irish genius*. S.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE DEVIL AND THE CRITICAL REVIEWER.
A TALE.

THE Devil and a Critic met
All on a stormy day,
And soon to Mawman's* shop they came,
For they had much to say.
Mister Mawman, gay and sprightly,
Welcomed in each well-known guest;
Handed each a chair† politely,
Bowed, and kind regards express'd.
Said the Critic then, "Friend Cloven-foot,
Great patron of the nation,
'Tis time for all my service past,
To yield due compensation:
Each day, for years I've laboured hard,
Full nineteen hours and more, sir,
I rail at all, priest, statesman, bard,
'Till every limb is sore, sir:
My brain is now a bankrupt turned,
Or else has changed to lead, sir,
I'm shunned and hated, kicked and spurn'd,
And not a morsel of bread, sir!
You know full well, in the service of hell,
I work with zeal most fervent,
And in all this proud metropolis
I'm your most faithful servant."

* The learned and ingenious publisher of the Critical Review.

"Aye, aye," quoth Nick, "You've done
your part,
Since you comment'd the *trade*, sir,
Drive dark despondence from your heart,
And you shall be repaid, sir:
Now to my counsels sage and wise,
I pray you lend attention;
To profit by the critic art,
There's nothing like invention:
It crowns the coward's head with bays,
And saves the wretch from danger;
The upstart equal's to my lord,
And knights the gentle stranger†:
See C——ke and Y——ke, a pretty pair,
The nation's great example!
Such profits from commissions share,
They roll in riches ample:
Invention gives a flow of words,
In place of argumentation;
It is the statesman's faithful friend,
By which he robs the nation:
It softens woman's tender heart,
It imps the poet's pinion:
All hail, Invention! glorious art,
Best friend of my dominion."
"Ah! well you know," the Critic cries,
"I can invent most rarely,
And no one e'er accused me yet
Of criticizing fairly:

† Does the infernal king allude to the Stranger in Ireland?

No work of genius, truth, or taste,
 E'er 'scapes my castigation;
 The better cause appears the worse,
 By lies and misquotation :

The title is enough for me,
 To censure authors' vanity;
 And tho' I ne'er peruse a word,
 I prove his labours all absurd."

"Aye, that will do," quoth Cloven-foot,
 "You are a sage reviewer,
 You as far surpass, as a mule does an ass,
 Both Cobbet and Pursuer*.

But have you seen this famed review,
 Rough Caledonia's glory ?
 It might full many a hint supply,
 For wit, and sense, and story ?"

The Critic replies,
 With a volley of sighs,

"Oh! there I have been a great poacher,
 And so much have I stole,
 That I swear by my soul,

My conscience is turned my reproacher."
 "Your conscience! fye! you silly man!
 Did Critic e'er since his art began
 Betray such folly, weakness, nonsense,
 As to think about his conscience?
 Such hum-drum stuff of priests and fools,
 The growth of nurseries and schools;
 The woman's fear and the coward's dread—
 Where has the Critic's courage fled?

Of conscience beware,
 'Tis a pit and a snare,
 This, this, my dear honey,
 Has caused lack of money;
 But now make good speed,
 And learn backward to read†,

As I often have taught you to pray."

"That too I have tried,"

The Critic replied,
 And for it full dear did I pay;
 The author in fury,
 'Tis truth I assure ye,

With a sprig of shillela so pummell'd my
 brain,

By the life of St. Patrick, I yet feel the
 pain."

The Devil grinned, and he showed his
 teeth,

For pleased was he beyond measure;
 For Nick is a wit, and likes a good bit,
 But politeness suppress'd his pleasure.

"Your case is hard," he answered straight,
 "But have good resolution,

The day will come—roll on ye years,
 And end his persecution!

See Erin's bards now numerous grown,
 They harp with joy and madness;
 Attack them all, both great and small,
 And change their notes to sadness.

Gods, how they'll stare! their strings
 they'll tear,

And make their old harps rattle:
 See, see, they rise, and from their eyes
 They dart the fires of battle.

The storm is o'er—soft, Mawman, soft!
 From ev'ry harp behold, sir,
 A wondrous tree, the Critic's fee,
 All teeming with apples of gold, sir."

The Critic sighed, and again replied,
 "Alas! 'tis all delusion!

No golden tree there grows for me,
 But shillelas and confusion!

The bards of green Erin are all grown so
 wise,

That Critics like me they neglect and
 despise—

Mister Mawman knows well,

'Tis the truth that I tell,

Not a man of them all puts a groat in his
 purse,

But they damn his reviews, and his Critics
 they curse."

Old Nick was tickled much to see,
 This eminent believer,
 So much perplexed, distressed and vex'd,
 For Nick's a gay deceiver.

"And then," quoth he, "I plainly see,
 Of learning you've great store, sir,
 You have learn'd so fast that my hopes
 you've surpass'd,

And I can teach you no more, sir:

By the toe of the Pope,
 You have now nought to hope;
 And now, to be brief,

Rogue, apostate, and thief!
 You traitor to country, to king, and to
 church,

Your measure is full, and you're fast
 in my lurch."

The windows rattled as he spoke,
 And awful peals of thunder broke;
 The fire turn'd blue with a sulphurous
 smell,

And dark was the frown of the Prince of
 Hell.

He whisked his sulphur-powdered tail
 Around the shop, like a twirling flail;
 He roll'd his red eye, and his long tusks
 he ground,
 And thrice did he spring with a furious
 bound.

Mister Mawman, blue and whitely,
 Stood aghast, with haggard looks;

Ah! no more the gay and sprightly;
 Much he trembled for his books.

* The renowned author of the Pursuits of Literature.

† One of the Critical Reviewers did a friend of the author's the honour of informing him, that he was in the habit of reading the books which he reviewed backwards.

Astonished, confounded,
 With furies surrounded,
 The Critic was seized with despair,
 And fast smote his knees, and erect
 stood his hair.

At length he summoned courage up,
 Tho' the flame still turn'd the bluer,
 "O, good Sir Cloven-foot," he prayed,
 "O spare a poor Reviewer!"

"You lie," the Devil quick returned,
 "Altho' you mean to be civil,
 Politeness may do with an Irishman,
 But it will not do with the Devil*.

"Did you, apostate, traitor, knave,
 E'er hear a bard's petition,
 Who humbly did your mercy crave,
 To save him from perdition?

Shall I then listen to your prayer?
 No, come along with me, sir,
 The bards of hell shall nettle you well,
 And that you soon shall see, sir:
 Mister Mawman so blue,
 With your friend I'll prepare a hot lodg-
 ing for you."

He seiz'd the Critic by the hair,
 And out of the door he sprang, sir,
 And he bore him along thro' the desert
 air,
 And his cries o'er the city rang, sir:
 And every street repeated the cry,
 (No tale was ever truer)
 "O spare me, spare me, Cloven-foot,
 O spare a poor Reviewer."

THE COTTAGE.

By the Rev. Mr. L. of Chester.

By the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 In a neat little cot, that was join'd to a mill,
 Liv'd a family, blest with sweet smiling content,
 And the neighbours caress'd them wherever they
 went.

For old Ralph was a man of devotion and truth,
 Who had walked with his God, from the morning
 of youth,

And the close of his life, like an evening in May,
 Seem'd to promise the cloudless return of the day.

His dear Mary, whom life had made languid and
 pale,

Was once famed for her beauty, the rose of the
 vale:

She was pious, and cheerful, kind-hearted and free,
 And as steadfast in friendship, as mortal could be.

All her household affairs, she could manage with ease,
 And the joy of her heart, was her husband to please;

* His sooty majesty seems here to allude to the
 circumstance of an Irish author having written a
 polite letter to the Critical Reviewer, requesting a
 fair review of his works—and being answered in a
 stile of unexampled ferocity.

At the church, in the village, at market and fair,
 They were known by the name, of the old happy
 pair:

Heaven blest them with children, but took them
 again,

So that now only Ralph and his partner remain;
 Their best hopes were on high, and they feared not
 the grave,

For they leaned on an arm that was mighty to save:

When the stranger sat down, by the side of the way,
 Overcome by his toils, or the heat of the day,
 Poor old Ralph would invite him with hearty good
 will,

To take rest in the cottage, that stood by the mill.

When the cold blast of winter roam'd fearfully
 round,

And the oaks of the forest were torn from the ground,
 When the snow-drifting cloud in the valley was
 spread,

And the dark shades of night filled the traveller with
 dread.

In poor Ralph's little cottage a shelter he found,
 Where the neat blazing hearth shed its lustre around,
 While in sweet social converse the night stole away,
 And the traveller forgot all the toils of the day.

They had no secret hoards, for they pitied the poor,
 And the stranger was never refus'd at their door,
 Forty summers they lived on that sweet little spot,
 And the owners of kingdoms might envy their lot.

But, alas! unexpected their old land-lord died,
 And his heir, a young upstart, the vassal of pride,
 Said poor Ralph's little cottage disfigured his grounds,
 For he, there had determin'd to kennel his hounds.

So the mill and the cottage were ordered away,
 And poor Ralph and his partner no longer could
 stay;

Though resigned, yet they wept, as they walked up
 the hill,

When the workmen began to demolish the mill.

To the poor-house they went, where each ev'ning
 they're seen,

Leaning out of the window that looks o'er the green,
 Where their cottage once stood, and are oft heard
 to say,

While they sigh from the heart, well-a-day! well-
 a-day!

L'ENFANT DE VENUS.

QUI définira cet enfant,

Aussi vieux que la monde,

Marmot, don't l'empire comprend,

Les cieux, la terre, et l'onde,

Qui, les yeux couverts d'un bandeau,

Lit dans nos cours, tint la flambeau,

Qui consume, et faconde.

Ce'st lui qui celebrait Sapho,

Q'u on adoroit a Croyde,